

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL

—John A. Logan, Jr., has become a partner in a real estate firm in Washington.

—William M. Singerly, of the Philadelphia Record, has sixty-six dwelling houses in course of erection in that city.

—Nathan B. Meyer, a Maine hunter,

—Nathan B. Moore, a Maine hunter, aged sixty-eight, has killed two hundred and seventy-five moose since his youth.

—The first female clerk employed by the Government was Miss Jennie Douglass, appointed to the Treasury Department by Secretary Spinner, in 1862.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—Captain David Buskirk, the largest man in Indiana, died at his home near Bloomington recently. He was

—P. T. Barnum is reported to have remarked in a moment of confidence but if he lived much longer and retained his present activity he would exhibit himself in a side tent as "one of the greatest curiosities Barnum ever handled."

—A Harvard professor and his wife

— Mr. Moody has received from William Mackinnon, a Scotch ship builder, model of Solomon's Temple, made of

cedar overlaid with gold, with many of the smaller articles of solid gold. It is no-fifty-fifth the size of the original, saving the court, tabernacle, altar, laver, ark, holy of holies, mercy seat, and cherubim in proportion and relation to each other.

—Alexander Stewart, of Staunton, Va., aged ninety-one years, recently attended the funeral of S. G. Wayland, aged eighty-one years, who had been

—Tom Scott, of Waco, Tex., had a rather unusual experience recently. He went to see his mother, who is sixty years old and resides in a neigh-

—The Rochester Post-Express says: A life insurance agent states that he has just concluded an insurance upon the

just concluded an insurance upon the life of a man aged 102 years. The centenarian enjoys good health and appears to be in the possession of his faculties. He states that his father lived to the age of 110, and met his death by an injury due to the breaking of a millstone. His grandfather was, he asserts, accidentally killed in his mill at the age of 120. His great-grandfather lived to the age of 130.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—To-day is a good deal closer than yesterday," said Smith to Jones.

"Yes," said Jones, "it's nearer."

—The wonders of art.—

They have made a piano of paper,
What wonders art is achieving;
If they'd make a paper performer
Life yet might be worse some one's living.

—A. W. Bellan, in *Tid-Bits*.

—Book-binder—Will you have it bound in Turkey or Morocco? Purchaser—O mercy, no! What's the use of sending it away off there? Have it bound in New York.—*Tat-Bits.*

—Tommy (who has just received a severe scolding)—Am I really so bad, mamma? Mamma—Yes, Tommy, you are a very bad boy. Tommy (reflectively)—Well, anyway, mamma, I think you ought to be real glad I ain't

—Laura," said Mrs. Parvenu, on the home plate piazza, to her daughter, "Laura, go and ask the leaders of them orchestras to play that 'sympathy from Middlejohn' over again. It's such an awful favorite of mine, and your father's, too."—*Pittsburgh Post*.

—An amusing contemporary informs its readers that a man at the East End calls himself on his card "Tommy."

—First Omaha banker—I notice that another big lot of American gold was shipped to Europe a few days ago.

Second Omaha banker—Yes; must be about "half seas over" by this time.

—Half and gone!—the other banker.

—Gentleman (looking at flat)—I am afraid my wife won't want to come up as high as this. It's the tenth story, isn't it? Landlord—Yes, tenth story, including the basement. I think your wife will like it up here, sir. The family who occupied it last summer told me that they preferred it to the

—Miss Clara—Do you think, Mr. Featherly, that Miss Smith, whom we met last evening, is a very plain person? Mr. Featherly—Yes, indeed, I think she is the homeliest girl I ever saw, present company, of course, always ex—er—um—that is—. Yes, she is certainly a very plain person. Are you lawn-tennisning at this season Miss Clara?—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—Fashionable miss—I am going to a seaside resort and want something pretty for a bathing suit. Dry goods clerk—Our bathing suit fabrics are at the other end of the store, and—. F. M.—O, I have looked over them and don't like them. Here is something just lovely. D. G. C.—But that won't stand water. F. M.—Well, I'll be careful and not get it wet.—N. Y. Mail.

Too Stupid to Live.

They were playing a nice little game of two-handed euchre and chatting pleasantly.

"Have you heard of the new game of cards?" he asked, innocently, as he dealt her a hand.

"No," she said. "What do they call it?"

"Matrimony."
"Oh," she exclaimed, rapturously,
"let's play it."
"I don't know how," replied the
thick-skulled fellow, and the girl got
so mad that she wouldn't talk to him
any more.—*Washington Critic*